

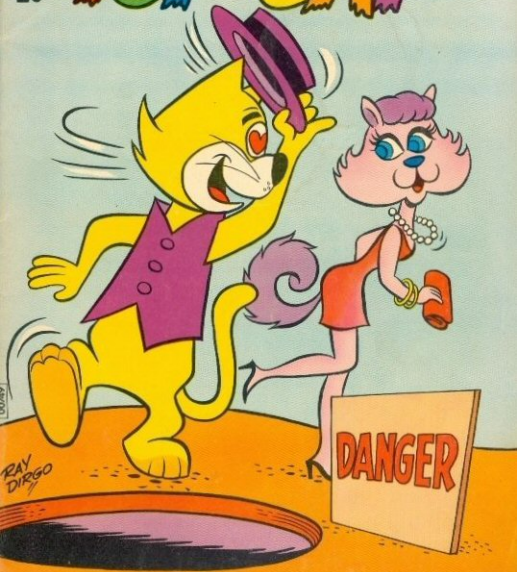
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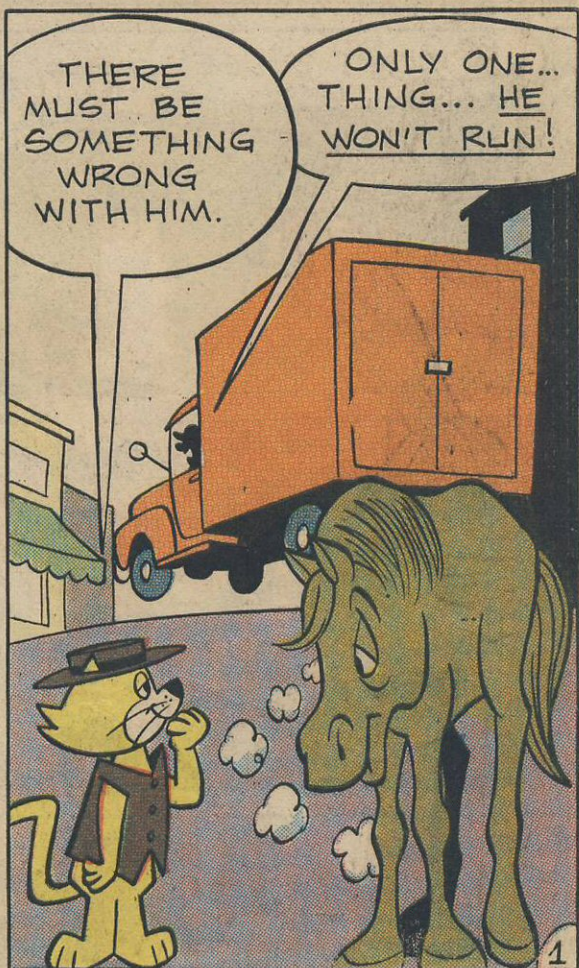
TOP CAT



TOP CAT HORSELAUGH



D-2664

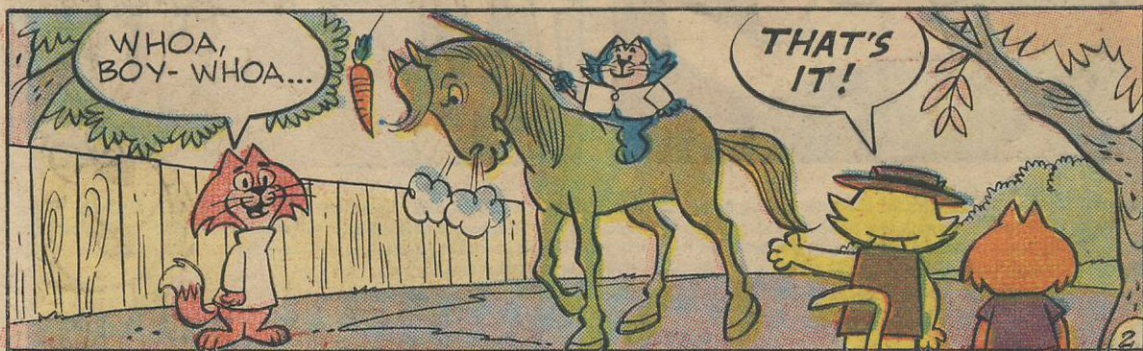
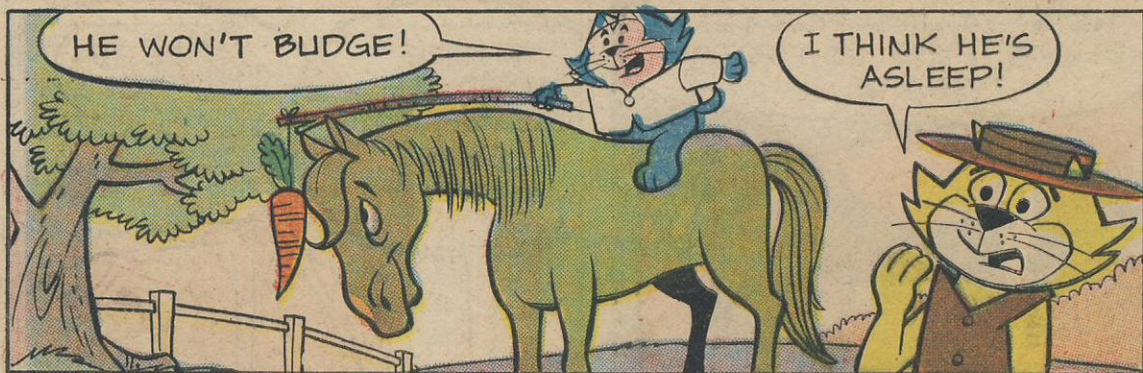
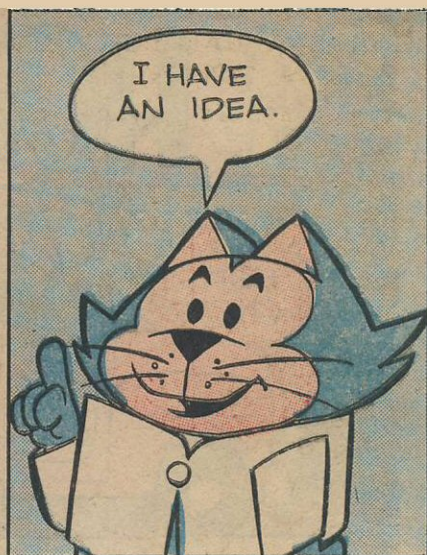
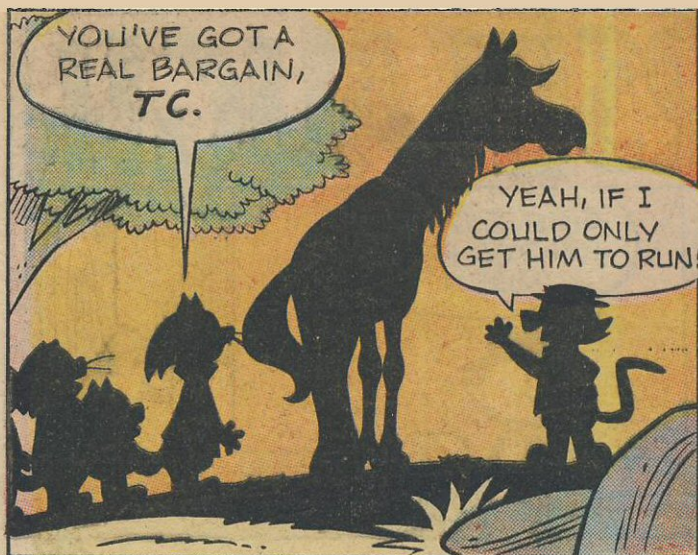


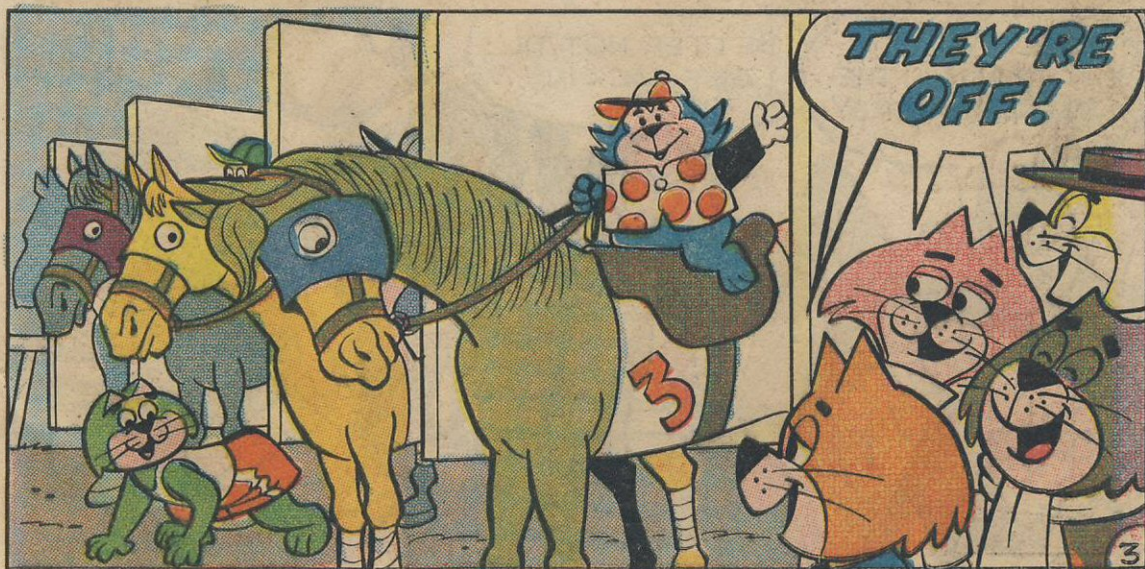
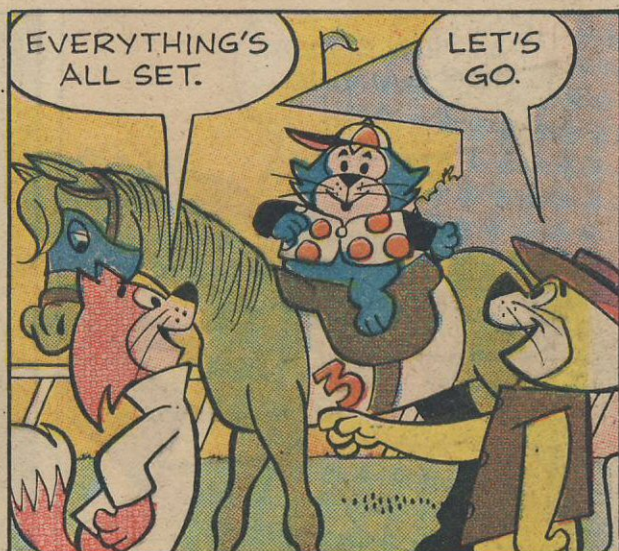
TOP CAT

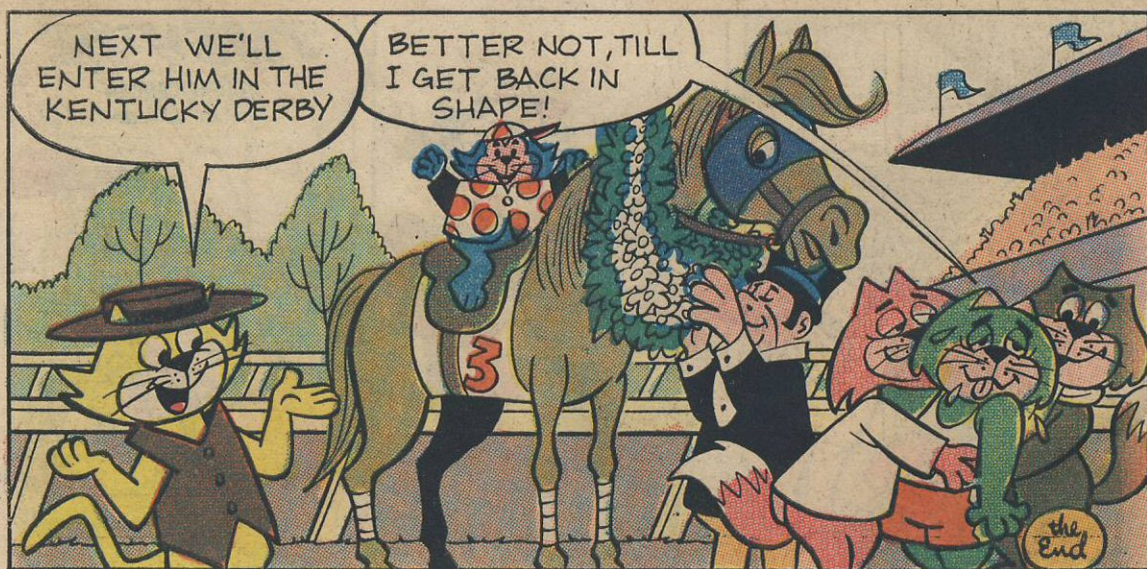
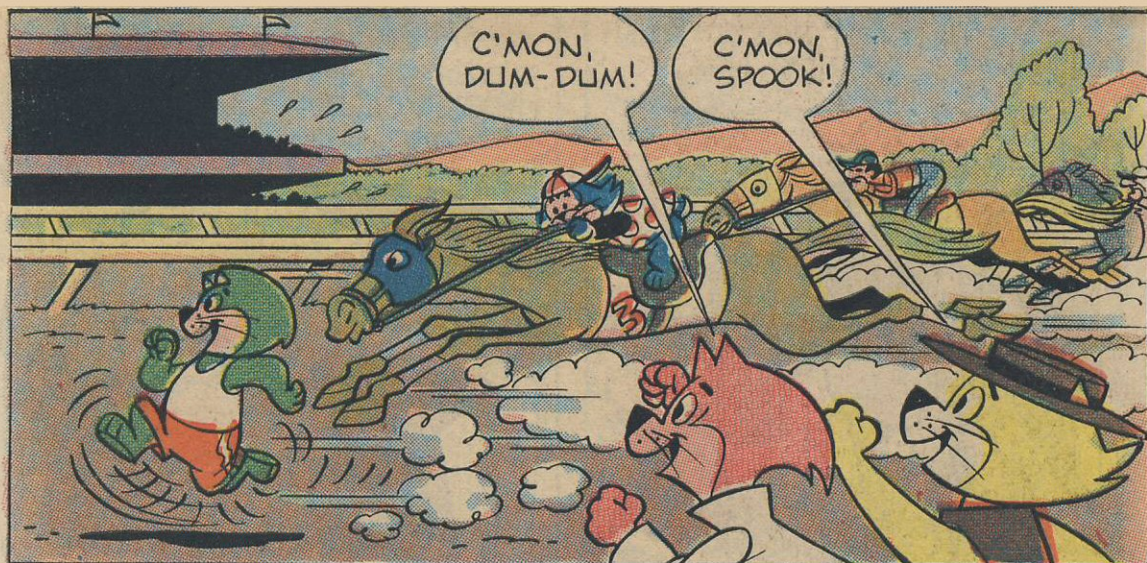
TOP CAT Vol. 3, No. 12, August, 1972, published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. 20c per copy. Subscription \$1.20 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

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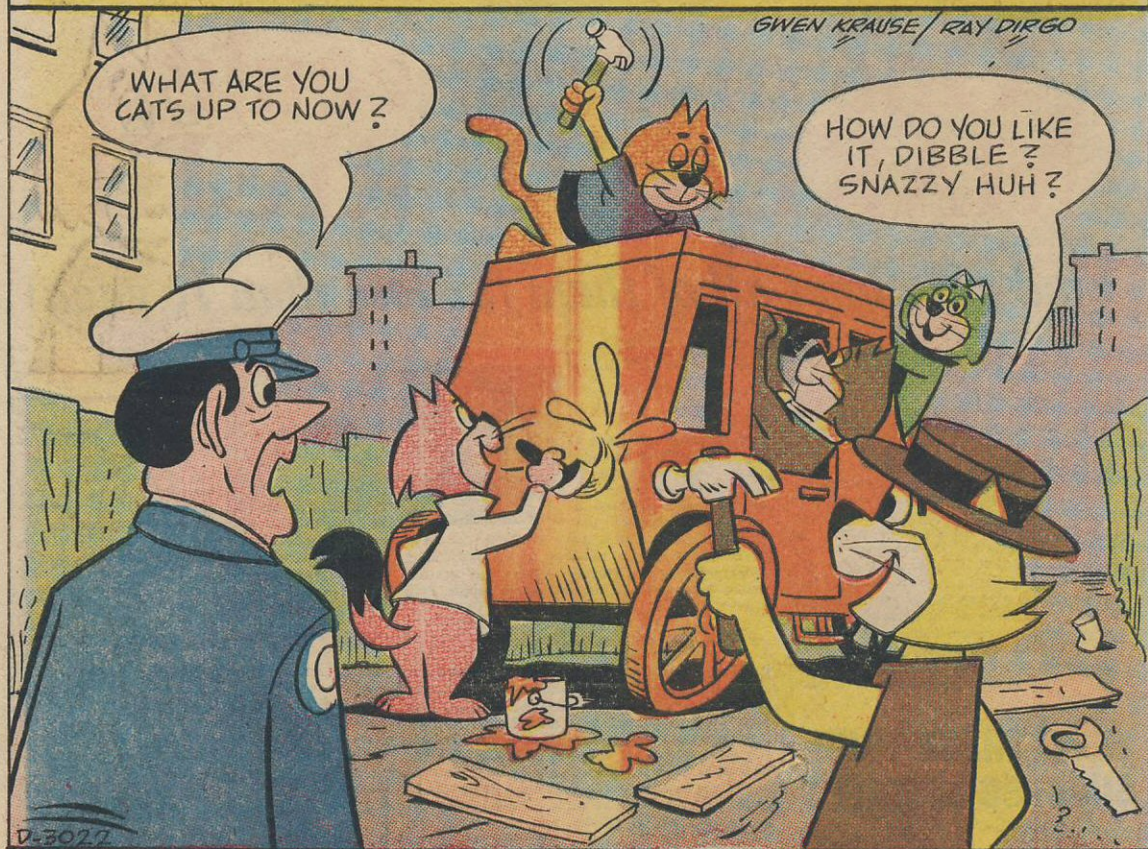






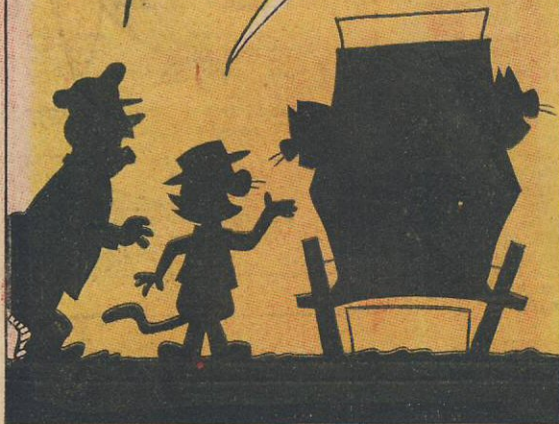
TOP CAT in... The WILD, WILD WEST!

GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO



AFTER I FIND OUT WHAT IT IS, I'LL TELL YOU HOW SNAZZY IT IS!

FOR SHAME ON YOU, DIBBLE, DON'T YOU KNOW A STAGE COACH WHEN YOU SEE ONE?

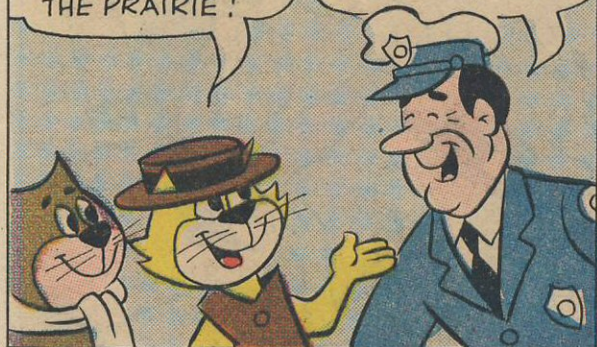


YEAH, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I GUESS IT DOES RESEMBLE A STAGE COACH BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?



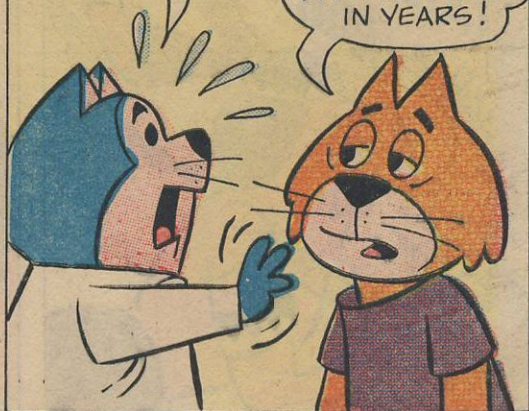
WE'RE TIRED OF ALL THIS BOREDOM, DIBBLE, SO WE DECIDED TO BUILD THIS STAGE COACH AND MOTOR OURSELVES TO WYOMING AND SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE ON THE PRAIRIE!

A MOTORIZED STAGE COACH? HA HA WELL GOOD LUCK, BOYS, BUT BE CAREFUL THE INDIANS DON'T SCALP YOU, HA HA!



HE **WAS** KIDDING ABOUT INDIANS WASN'T HE BRAIN?

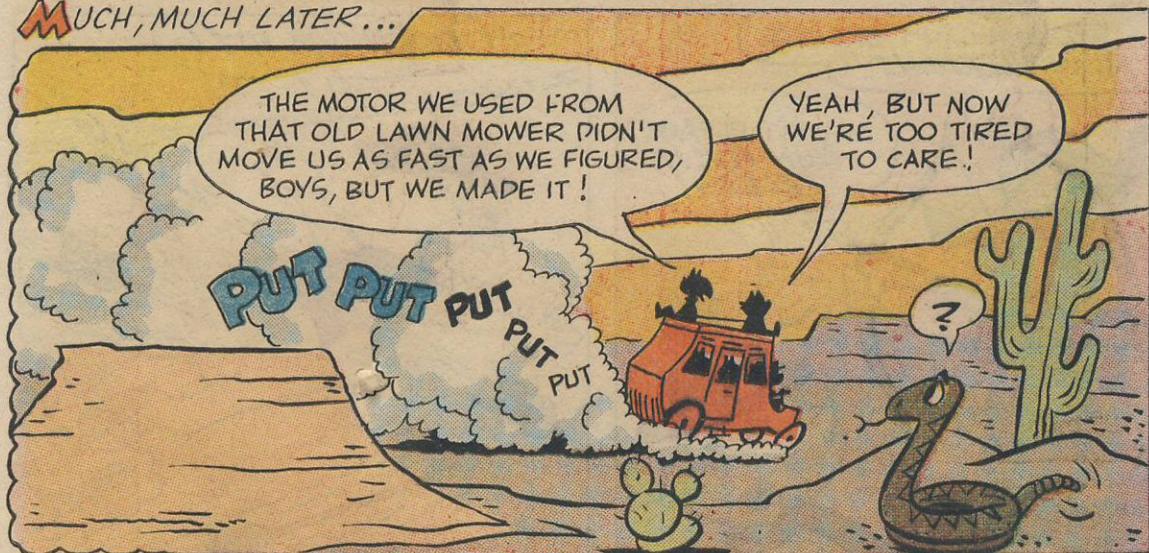
RELAX, BENNY, HE'S PULLING OUR LEG, WILD INDIANS HAVEN'T BEEN HEARD OF IN YEARS!



MUCH, MUCH LATER...

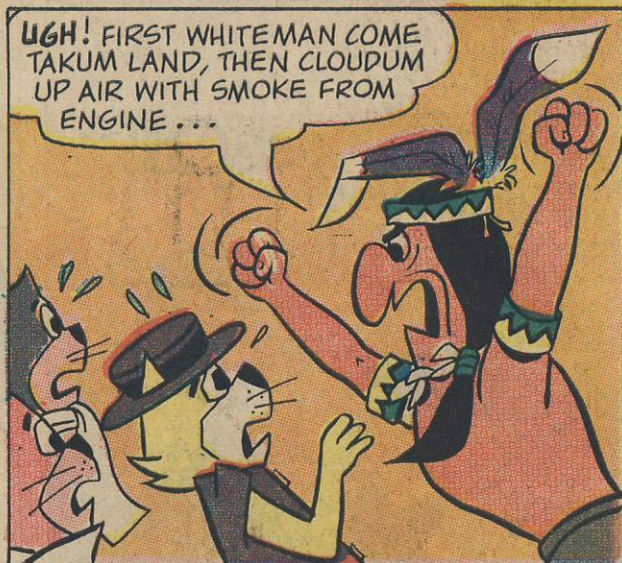
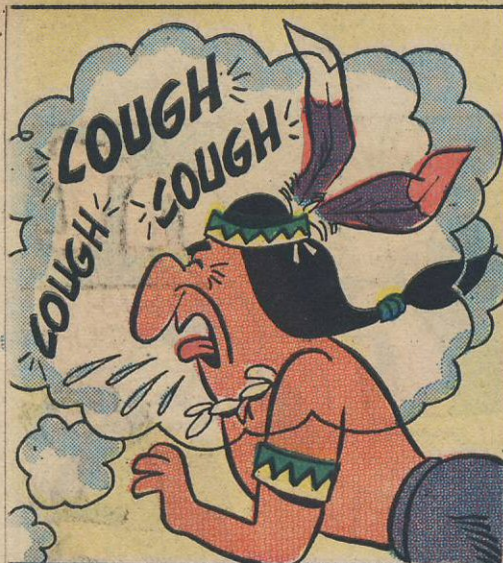
THE MOTOR WE USED FROM THAT OLD LAWN MOWER DIDN'T MOVE US AS FAST AS WE FIGURED, BOYS, BUT WE MADE IT!

YEAH, BUT NOW WE'RE TOO TIRED TO CARE!

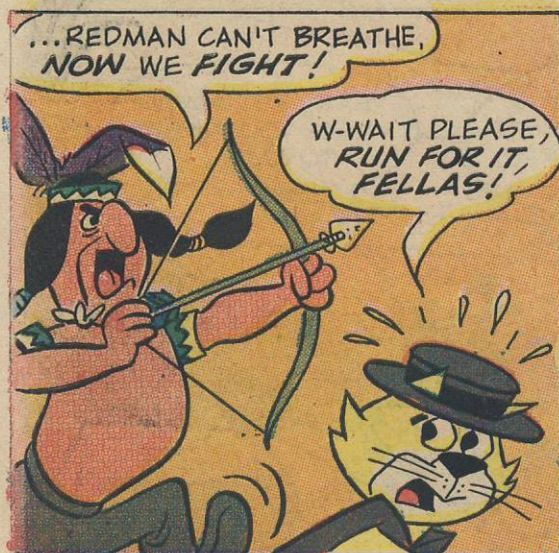


M-MAYBE WE **BETTER** CARE, I THINK THAT'S A REAL LIVE INDIAN WHO WANTS US TO STOP, WE **BETTER** GO SEE WHAT'S WRONG!



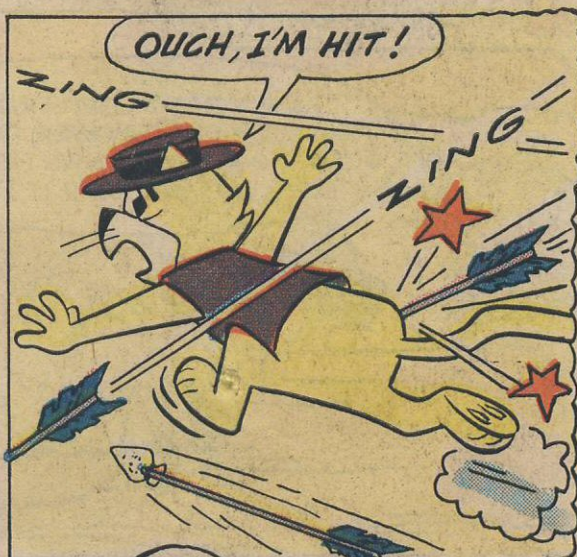


UGH! FIRST WHITEMAN COME
TAKUM LAND, THEN CLOUDUM
UP AIR WITH SMOKE FROM
ENGINE...



...REDMAN CAN'T BREATHE,
NOW WE FIGHT!

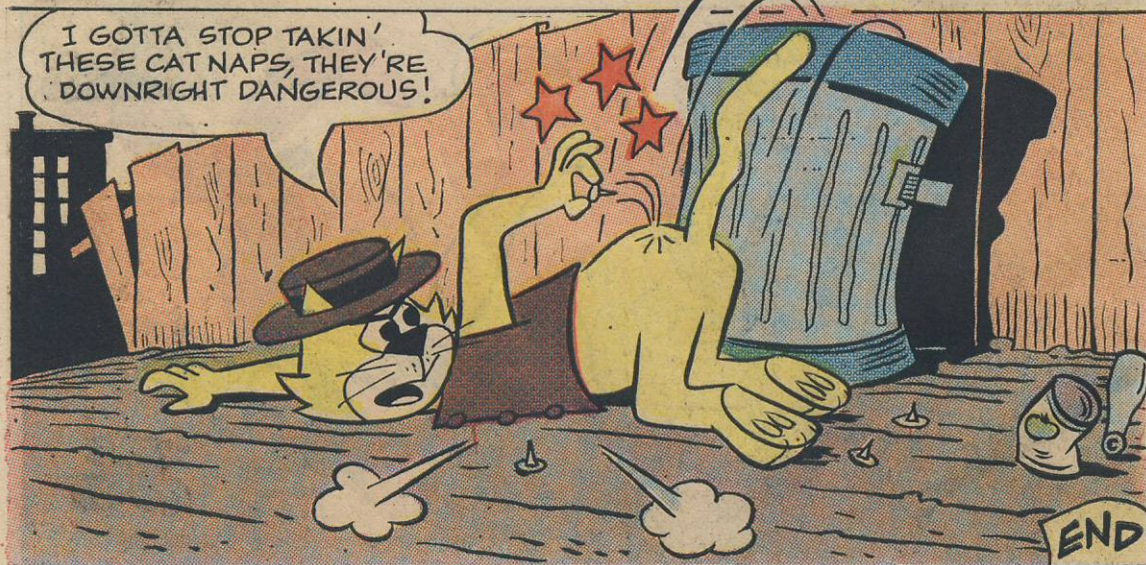
W-WAIT PLEASE,
RUN FOR IT,
FELLAS!



OUCH, I'M HIT!

ZING

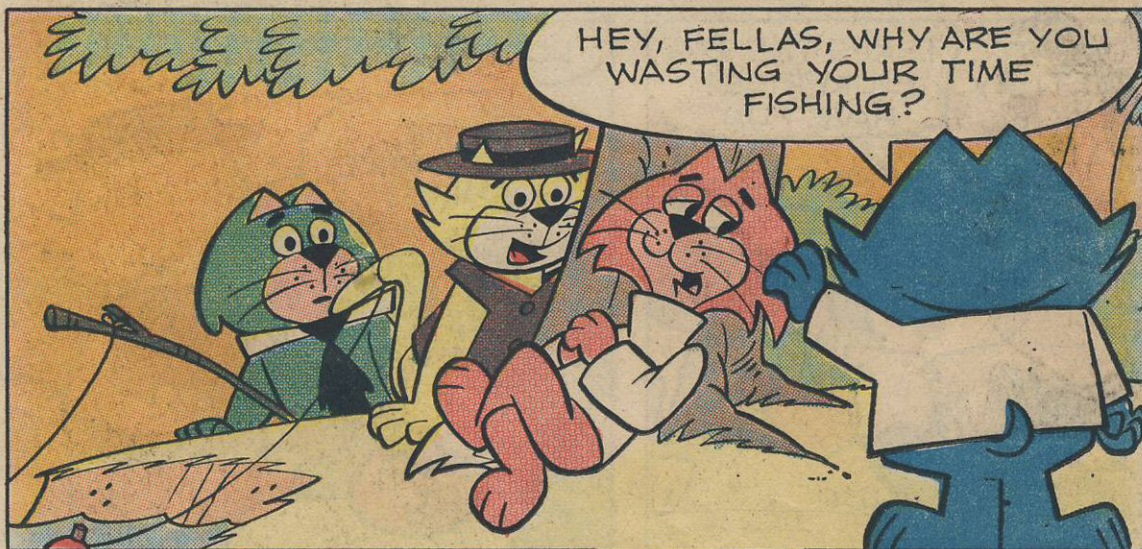
ZING



I GOTTA STOP TAKIN'
THESE CAT NAPS, THEY'RE
DOWNRIGHT DANGEROUS!

END

TOP CAT Snipe Hunt



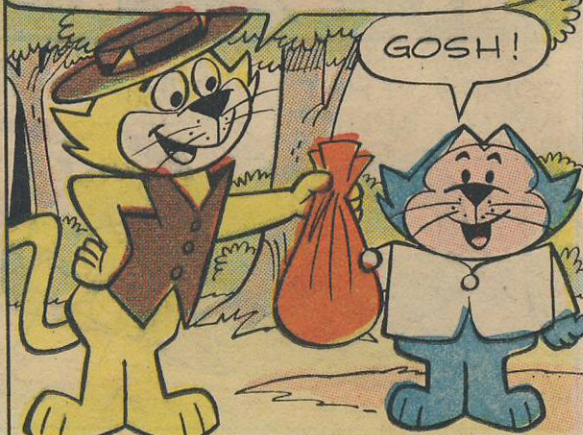
WE'RE JUST KILLING
TIME BEFORE WE GO SNIPE
HUNTING, BENNY.

SNIPE
HUNTING.
WHAT'S
THAT?



THE BEST EATING THERE IS.
JUST TAKE THIS BAG AND
FILL IT UP WITH SNIPE.

GOSH!



WHAT
DO THEY
LOOK
LIKE?

THAT'S THE BIG
SURPRISE!
HAVE FUN.

HERE I GO!



LOOK **EVERYWHERE!**

HERE,
SNIPE! HERE,
SNIPE!



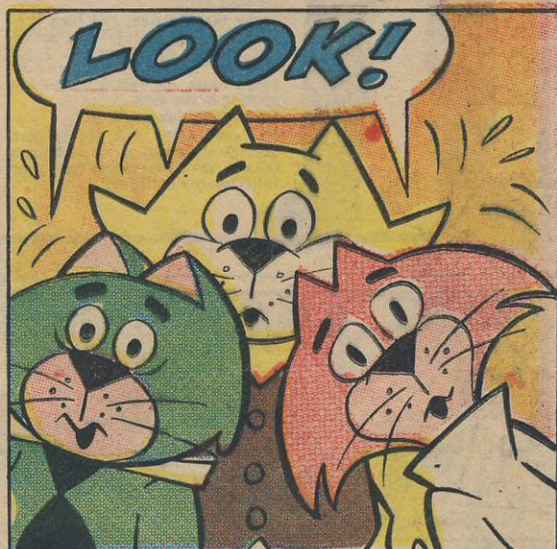
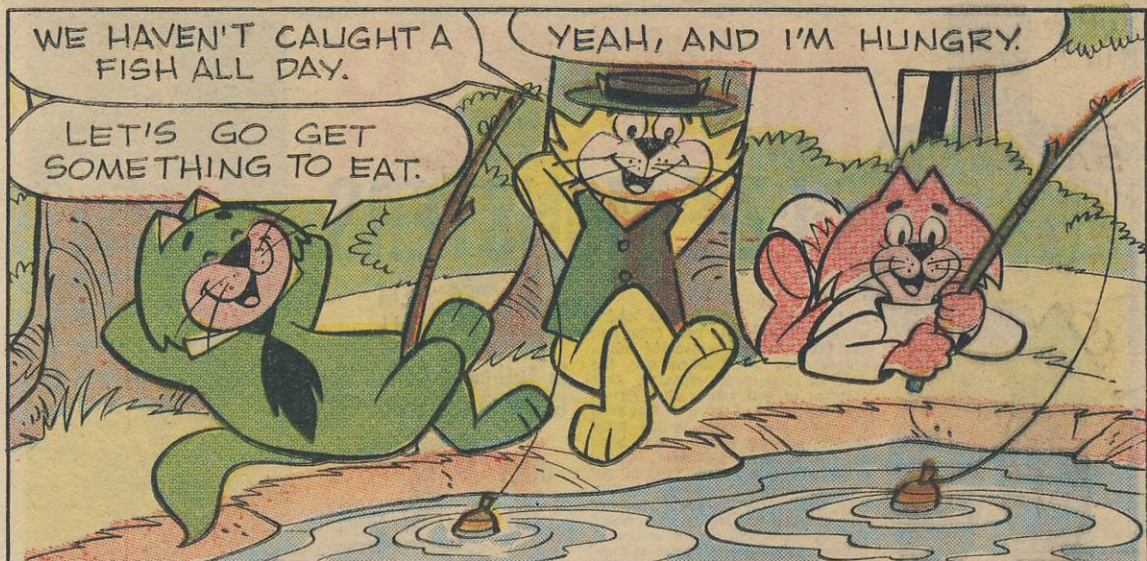
HERE, SNIPE. COME OUT
COME OUT WHEREVER
YOU ARE!



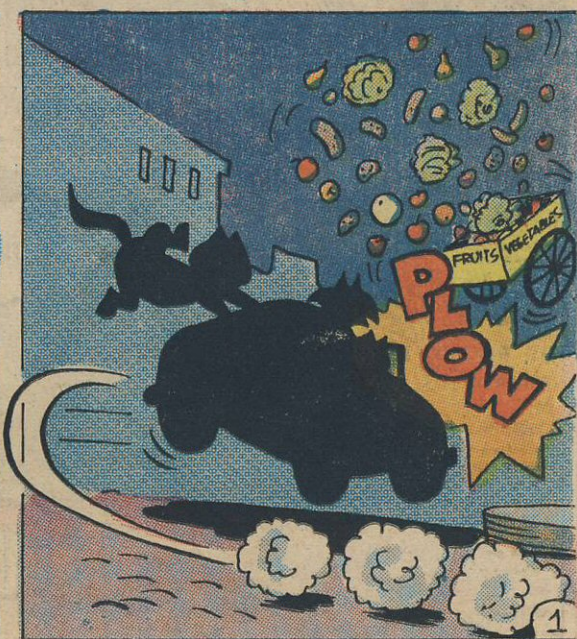
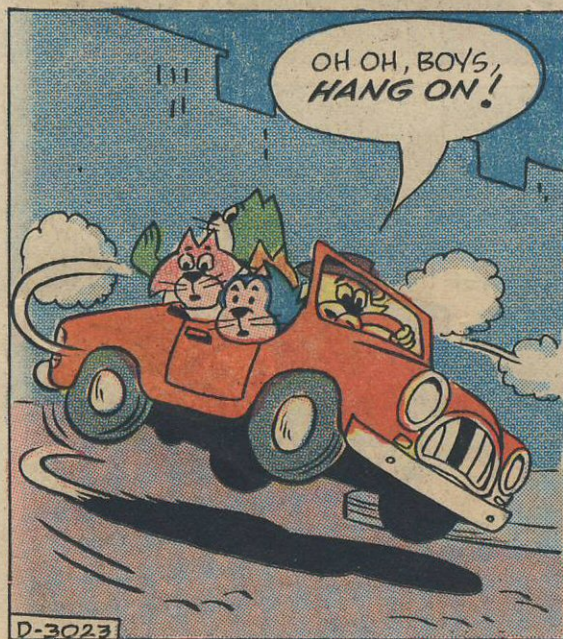
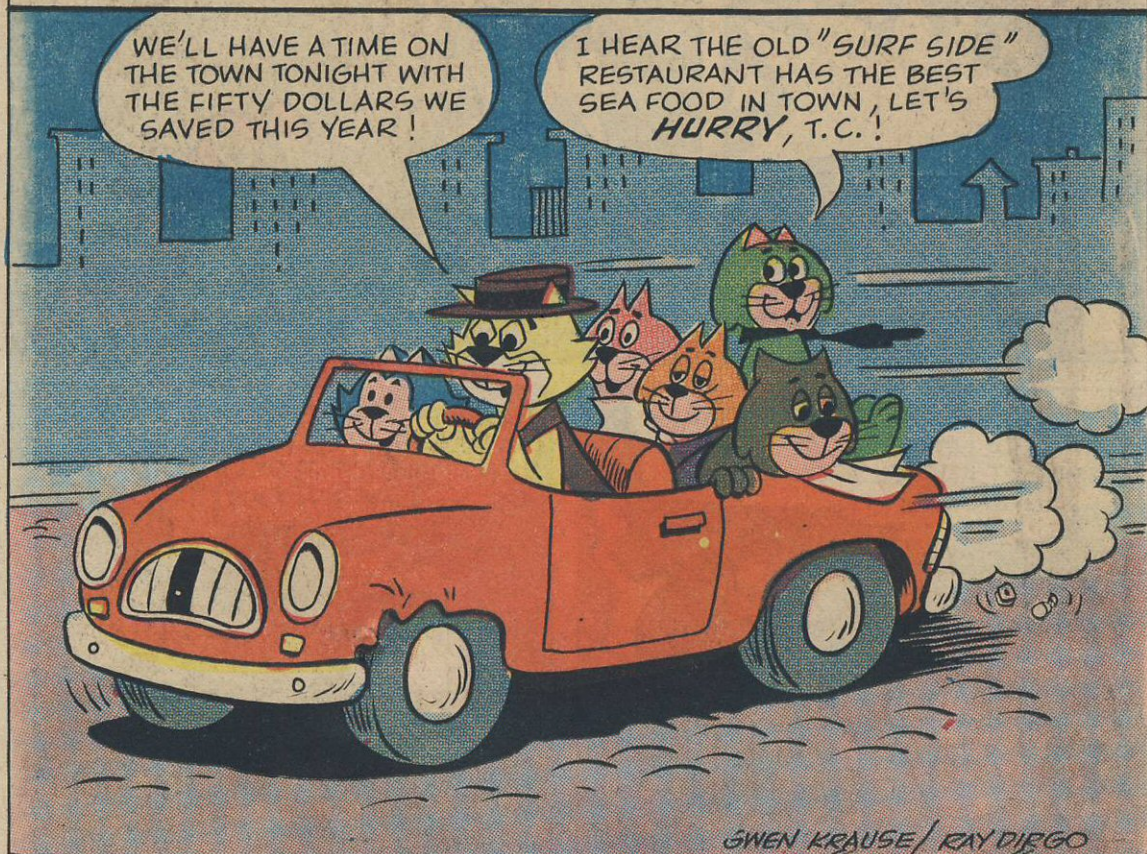
YOO HOO, SNIPE...
IT'S LUNCHTIME!

HAW-
HAW...
HA-HA...

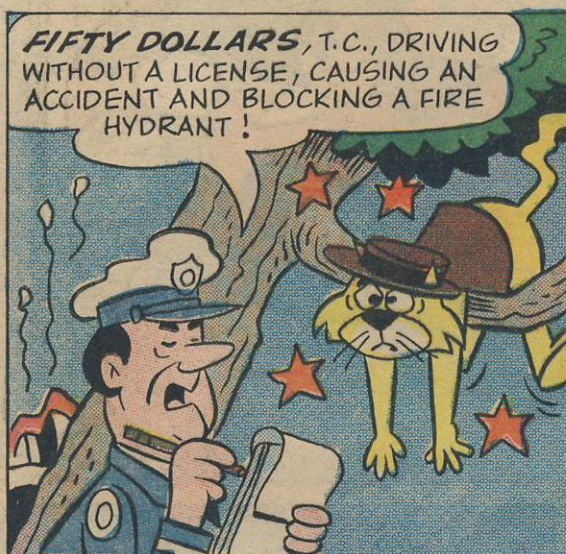




TOP CAT "What's for Dinner?"



BLAM
CRASH



**TOP
CAT**

Go For Broke

NOW CLEAR THE DOORWAY
SO THE CUSTOMERS CAN
STAMPEDE IN.

**WE FIX
ANYTHING
THAT'S
BROKEN.**

D-2666

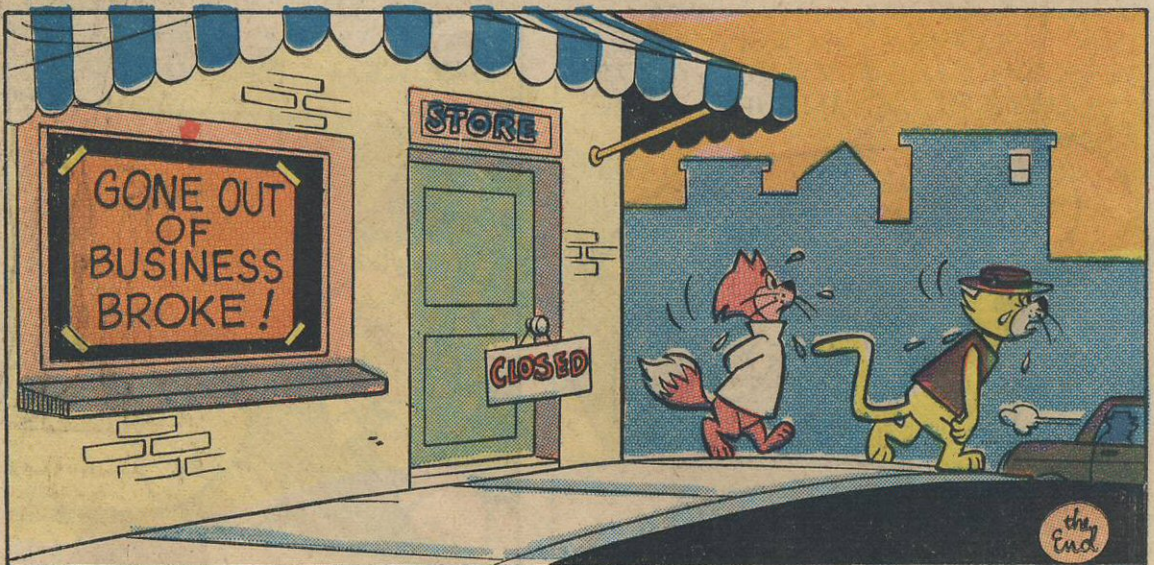
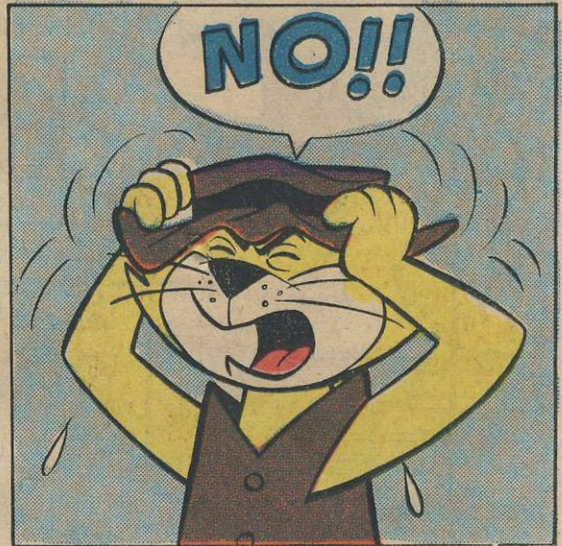
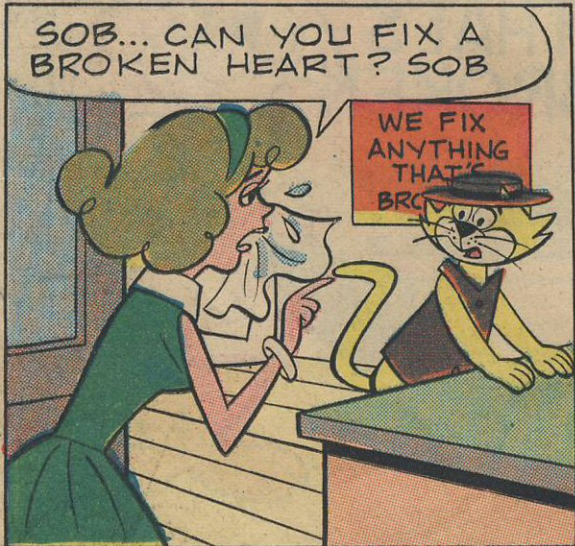
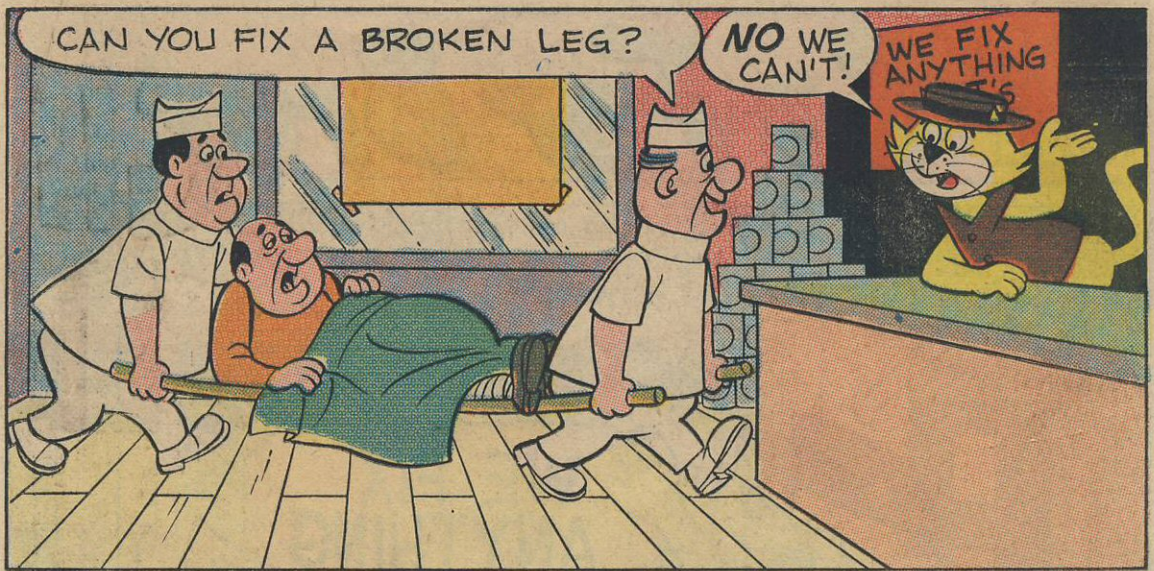
CAN YOU FIX
A BROKEN
DATE?

SORRY, MISS.
THAT'S NOT
IN OUR LINE.

**WE FIX
ANYTHING
THAT'S
BROKEN.**

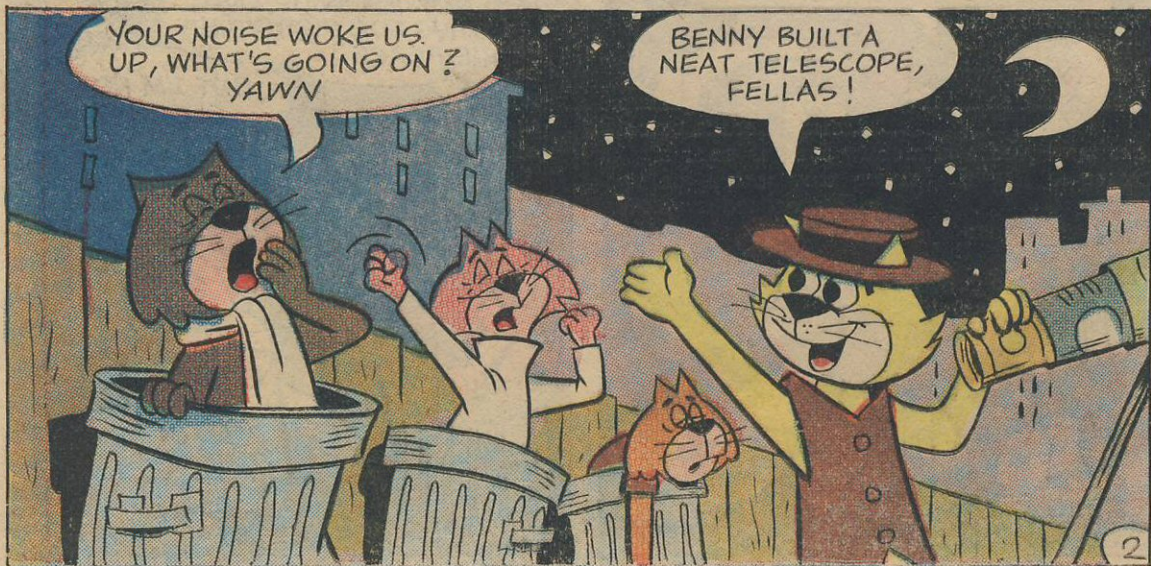
SAY, CAN YOU FIX A
BROKEN PROMISE?

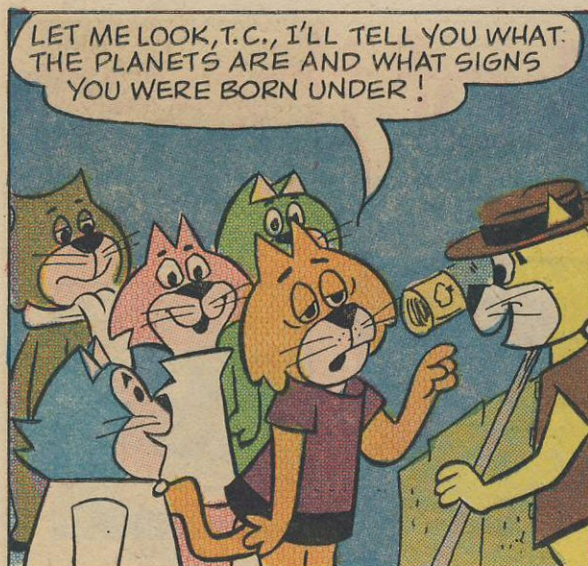
NO SIR.



TOP CAT in Signs of the CATS!







CHALLENGE

The golden throne chair of His Imperial Majesty was now in the center garden of his palace. The great ruler, Wu, was tired and ill. He had worked hard for his people. He believed in peace. Irrigation canals, good roads, and fair justice had been his gifts to his people. And now the security of his Empire was threatened. Mogus the Mongolian was ready to strike and destroy all he had worked so hard to build.

"We need time to collect your forces," said General Hu Chee to the Emperor. "I have sent messengers to the four corners of your vast lands. But before they return. I fear the Mongolians will strike at us. If we could only delay them. To hope for peace from them is in vain."

"The ambassador from the Great Mogus is about to see you," said Hsueh Po. "But he will not bow before you. Nor will he speak to you. He will draw a message on the ground. You have one day's time to understand it and answer it. If you can do this, he says that your wisdom is then something to be respected."

"Show him to me," sighed the Emperor Wu. "We have many learned men in my court. So I have no fear about this."

The Mongolian ambassador came to within a few feet of the throne chair. In his right hand he held a long stick. With it he drew a series of straight lines. Each one near the previous one. And they stopped at the feet of the throne chair. Then he turned around and abruptly left.

"Call Sing Pao," ordered the Emperor. "And see if he can tell me what these lines mean? They must not fail me."

But to no avail. Neither Sing Pao or the other wise men at the Imperial Court could figure out their message. And through the entire night many tried and failed. Just when all seemed lost, a young boy by the name of Tien Lui, who was a son of the gardener bowed before his Imperial Majesty.

"I know what these lines mean. But I can show the answer only to the Mongolian Ambassador. And if he continues, I know just what to do."

Emperor Wu looked at the little boy and told him to stand up straight.

"Who knows?" he sighed gently. "A little

child may help us where adults failed."

The next day the Mongolian Ambassador came again to see if there was an answer to his message. The boy faced him.

"I am Tien Lui," said the youth. "I have been told by my beloved Emperor to answer you."

He then stamped out the lines with his sandals. In his hand he held a stick. He drew similar straight lines. But starting from the legs of the throne chair. To where the ambassador was standing. Then he stopped. One look at the Mongolian's face and it was evident that the boy had understood the message. And had also answered it correctly.

The ambassador then took some oiled rags, from a pocket of his long gown. Placed them on the ground. And with flint and steel, he started a small fire. The boy ran into the palace. He came out followed by ten servants. Each holding a burning lamp. He stepped on the rags and extinguished the flames. Then the servants placed the burning lamps in a circle around the ambassador. Again, it was evident he and the boy understood each other.

This time he took seeds from his pocket. Threw them on the ground. Again the boy rushed into the palace. And came out with two birds. They quickly ate up all the seeds. The ambassador looked at the Emperor.

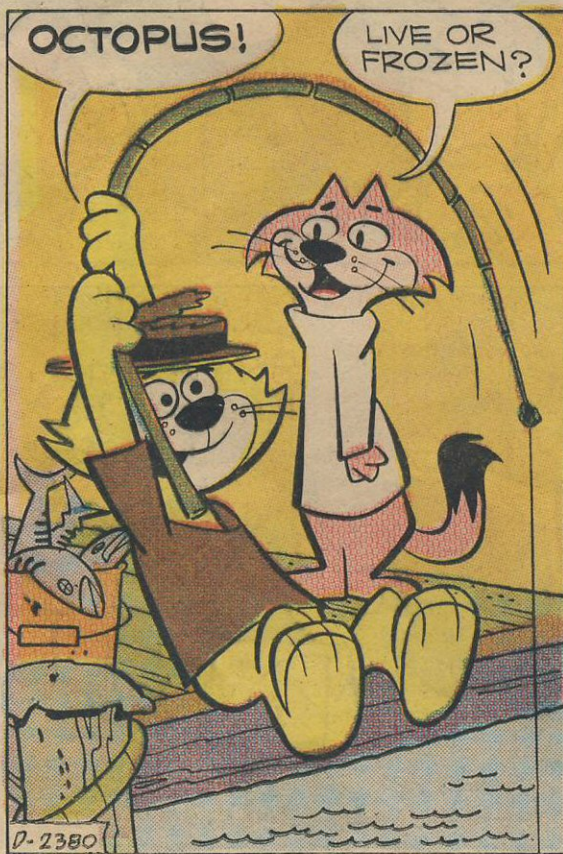
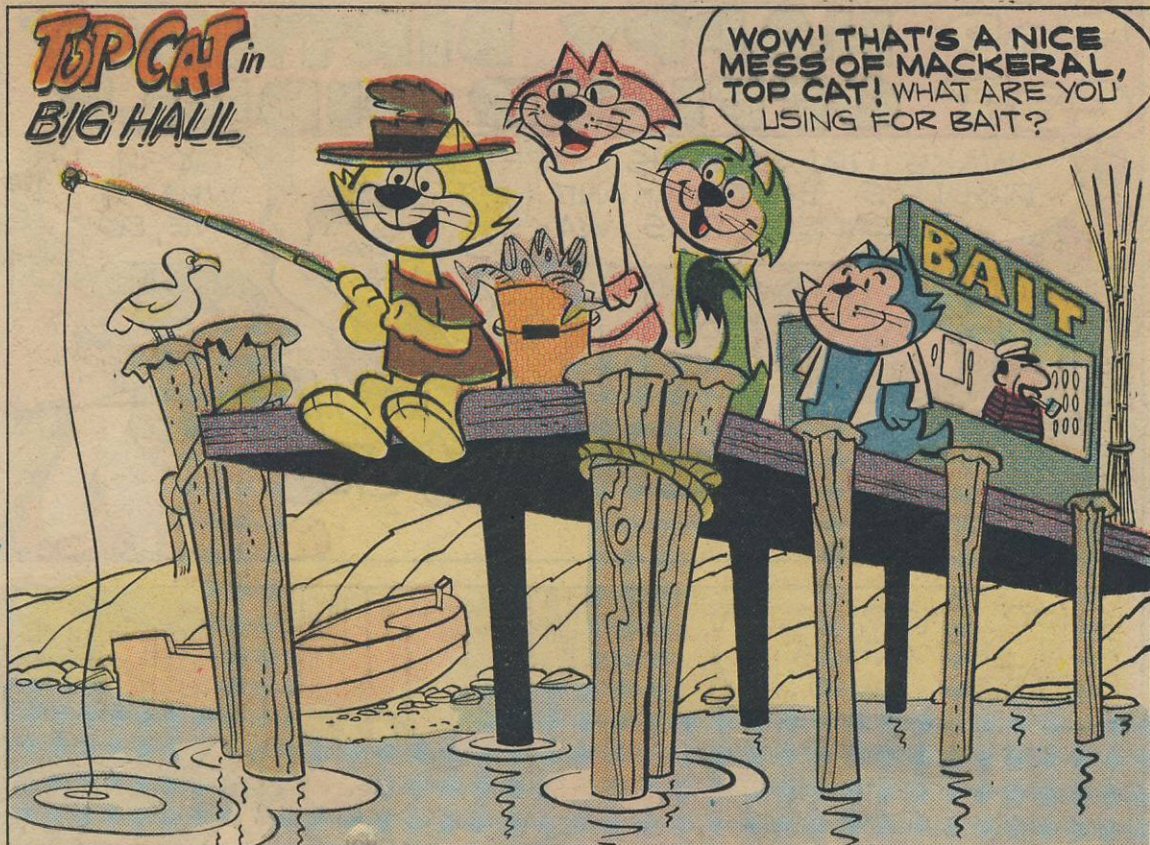
"If there is such wisdom in a boy, what can we do against your people. It will be peace. We never break our word."

When he returned home, the ambassador spoke to his brother.

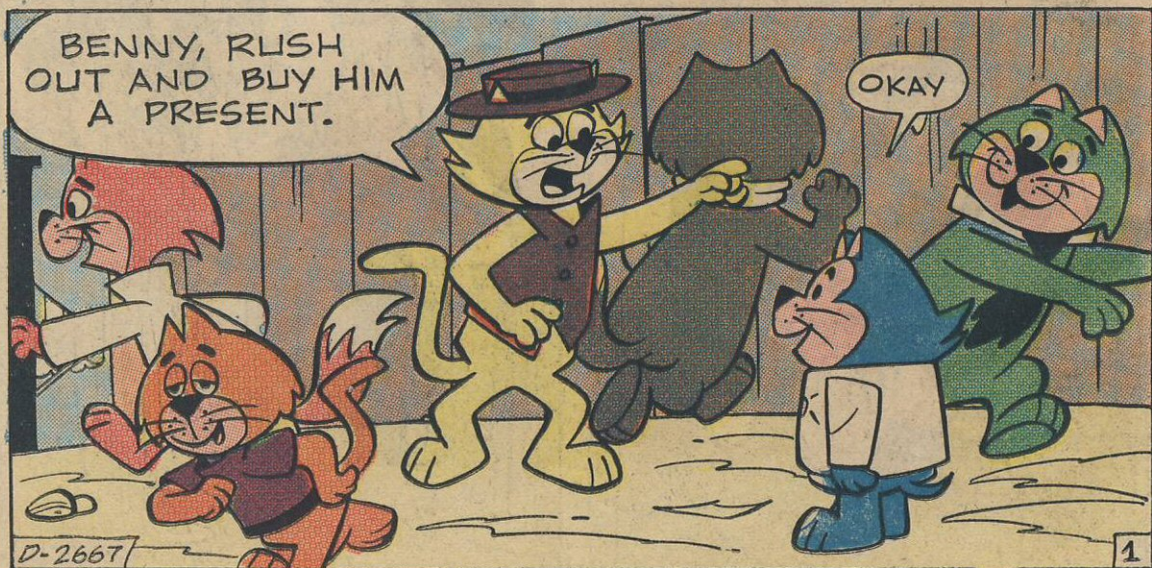
"When I drew the lines showing how our troops would advance to the capital, the boy drew lines showing how Chinese troops would advance to meet us. When I started a fire to show how we would burn their towns, the boy put out the flames. And showed how they would encircle us in a ring of fire. When I put seeds on the ground, the boy had birds eat them to show how they would devour us."

To his Emperor the boy explained: "This is a game we play called challenge. You meet lines with lines, fire with fire, seeds with birds, and figure out anything else that can happen. I liked the ambassador. He knew our game."

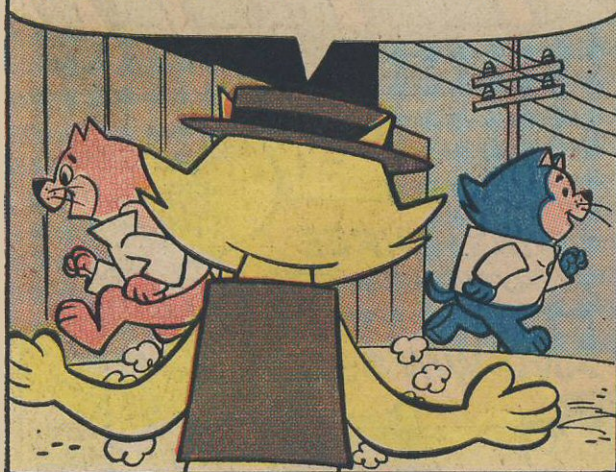
TOP CAT in BIG HAUL



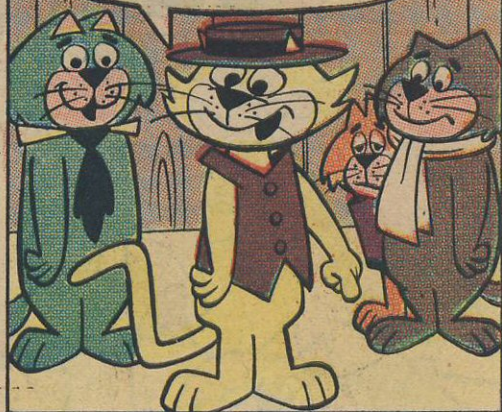
TOP ⁱⁿ HAPPY BIRTHDAY CAT OFFICER DIBBLE



...AND BOTH OF YOU BE
BACK HERE IN FIVE MINUTES!



WE'LL HAVE THE
BIRTHDAY PARTY
RIGHT HERE.

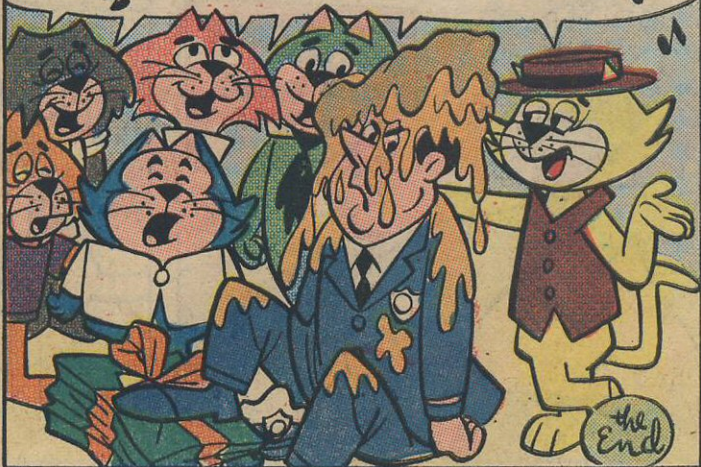


HELLO, OFFICER
DIBBLE, NICE DAY.

I HOPE
SO.

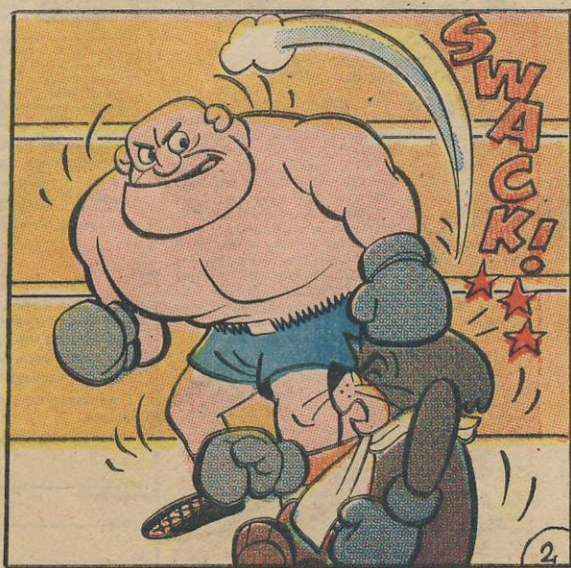
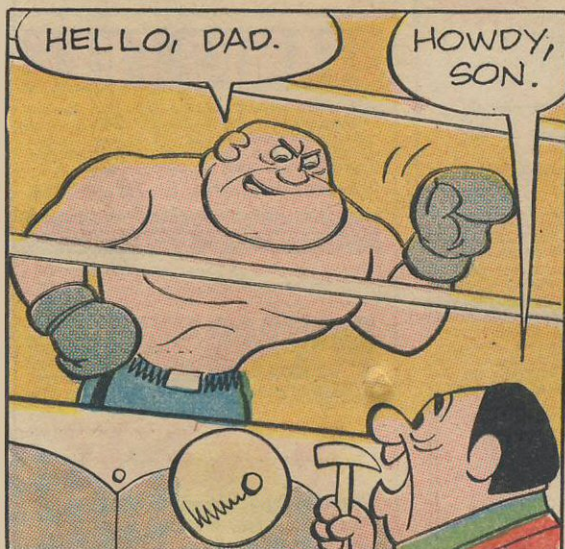


♪ HAPPY BIRTHDAY OFFICER DIBBLE
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU --- ♪

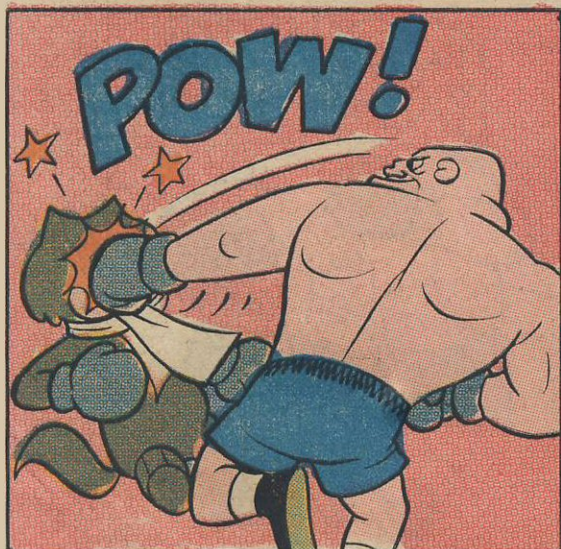
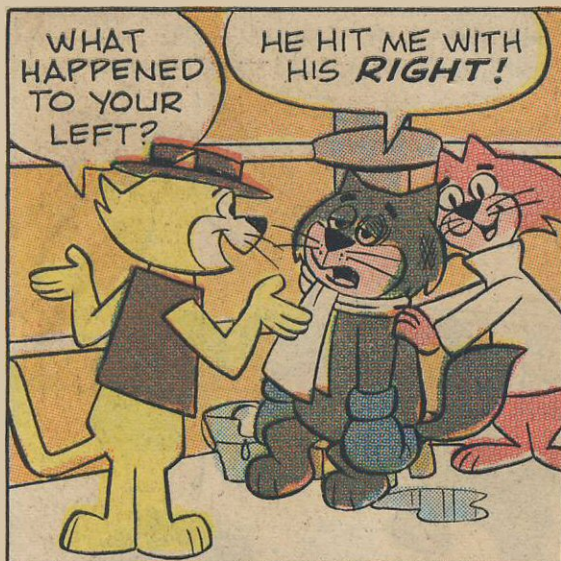


the
End





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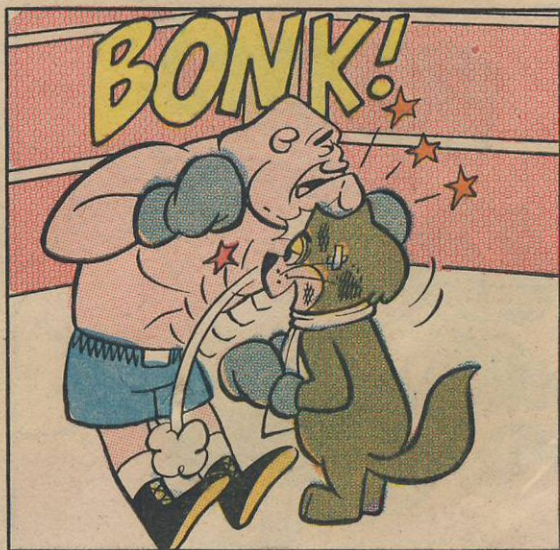


TELL HIM HIS SHOE IS UNTIED AND WHEN HE LOOKS DOWN **HIT HIM!**

HERE WE GO-LAST ROUND!

BONG!

HEY, YOUR SHOELACE IS UNTIED. (GULP) IT REALLY IS... I'LL TIE IT!



THE WINNER BY A SHOELACE!!!

